

2/3
gyre



LONGWOOD COLLEGE
VOLUME 2, NUMBER 3, 1967



Cloudy, My thoughts are
scattered

And they're cloudy.

They have no borders,

No boundary.

They echo and they swell

From Tolstoy to

Tinker bell.

Simon and Garfunkel

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FROM THE EDITOR

This issue of "the gyre" calls to an end another year at Longwood. This has been a year to remember for all for the student body. It has brought us Vietnam, the draft card burners, Savio, the C.I.A., Gia & Frank, Stop the World I Want to Get Off, LSD, Haight-Asbury, H-SC finals weekend, Stubbs Hall, grain parties, color cup, Miss Longwood, the dining hall, Alfie, KA, Virginia, W&L, Tech, VMI, and above all, Longwood itself. A magazine such as the gyre is not accustomed to being sentimental, but we feel that this year deserves more than passing remarks. This issue marks the second year of the gyre; thanks to the support of our student body,

the gyre has survived. We hope that you, the Longwood student body, feel that our survival is worthwhile.

Special thanks must go to our judges for the Literary contest—Dr. Patton Lockwood, Mr. Warren Eyester, Miss Barbara Melton, Miss Leitch, and Miss Renee Fishburne. Thanks also to all of the contributors.

The last editorial of this year is, for once, not dedicated to promoting circulation, contributions, or even to protesting something. Instead, we of the gyre staff dedicate this last issue to the Class of 1967.



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The Maple Tree

"It is an ugly, beautiful world," thought Judith Roan as she sauntered along Monroe Street towards the University. She had decided at the last moment to walk to the school because everyone else drove and she felt like being different this morning. Then, too, it was such a lovely, lazy autumn day. Fall was Judith's favorite time of the year. It seemed like such a sad season to her, especially on days like this one. "There is something very tragic in the beauty of richly colored autumn leaves," she thought. Something that she could not quite define.

She looked curiously at all of the trees that she passed and wondered what there was about them that disturbed her so. As she was approaching the campus, her eyes fell on a large maple tree across the street. She stopped suddenly to look at it. All of its leaves were elegantly adorned with shades of gold and vermillion. So intense was the color that Judith imagined it put forth a brilliant halo of light. She stood fixed for some time, gazing at this wondrous spectacle. In every town she had lived in there had been a tree like this one. It always stood out from all the rest because of its beauty. Brief, poignant beauty, however, for it was the first one to shed its leaves. For Judith, it was somehow painful to watch the disrobing of such a great tree. Its leaves fell silently to the ground, one by one at first, as if reluctant to break away. Then all at once thousands of leaves would tear away and come rushing down with startling ferocity. Then silence, tree, sky and earth

all still. Serenity would pervade the air like a heavy exhaustion. Finally the last few leaves which had been clinging to the branches would drift wearily down. Left with only a skeletal body, it then stood naked and abrupt among still colored trees that then appeared more attractive in contrast to the bare one.

Judith felt certain that the tree she was now looking at would be the same way. These thoughts only puzzled her at first, but gradually she became frightened. It was as if trees were surrounding her on every side, towering over her, all vaguely threatening except for this one. She felt stifled and panicky but could not take her eyes away from the fascinating object. She was so preoccupied that she did not hear the young man approaching. He stopped beside her. He looked with curiosity and concern from Judith to the direction of the tree. From the expression on the young woman's face, the man decided that she must see something that he did not. Perhaps her kitten was stranded up there, he thought. A student passing by at this time also stopped beside Judith and the man to see what they were looking at. The three of them stood there for some time. Then, perceiving that Judith was not going to offer any information, the man finally spoke.

"It's a very pretty tree isn't it, Miss?"

Judith, startled, turned around and said in a loud trembling voice. "No! It's horrible. Can't you see? There's something wrong!"

The two men stood gaping at her for a moment, unable to speak. Then she turned and ran across the campus and into the nearest building. She despised herself for having spoken aloud to the men. They didn't understand. "Fools," she thought. "Shallow fools!" She hated this dirty little town, too. All of the people were alike: lazy, uncultured, and unambitious. She felt that she had nothing in common with them. They shared none of her dreams, ambitions, or longings for something better. It was as if she lived in another world.

The bell had already rung when Judith entered the noisy classroom. She looked around and noticed that the rows of desks were unusually full for a Friday. She did not feel like lecturing today and had hoped that most of the students would be gone for the weekend so that she could dismiss class early. She disliked this class even more than the others because they were a particularly unresponsive, boring group. The boys, who made up the majority of the class, sat fidgeting and yawning, their knees and elbows constantly thumping and bumping against the seats. Occasionally a few near the back would fall asleep. The girls, she thought, were even worse. Most of them were completely unattentive and whispered among themselves. The rest of them kept their heads constantly bowed over a notebook, frantically taking down every word that she spoke.

Today, though, Judith could not have cared less about the students sitting before her. Her thoughts were far removed from the classroom for now that she had safely reached the build-

ing, her mind was free to return outside to the warm autumn sun and the enchanting maple tree. To her delight, she discovered that she could view a portion of the tree while standing at the rostrum. Seeing it through the window made it seem less strange, less startling, though no less captivating.

The students, who had been chattering freely when she entered, began to quiet down. Soon a hushed silence fell over the room as the curious faces turned on Judith. She had been standing for several minutes now gazing intently out of the window as if in a trance. The students, seeing that she was not going to snap out of it, found her quite amusing to observe. They were, by now, used to her peculiar ways but she had never acted quite this strange. The situation might have gone on indefinitely, but one of the mischievous boys on the back row decided to try his luck. He intentionally cleared his throat long and loud. Everyone held his breath as Judith turned her eyes directly on the boy with a cold, penetrating stare.

"Keats was a beautiful child," she said in a faraway voice, "but he was a liar."

Several of the students looked at her with bewildered surprise. Perhaps because there had been something different about her voice, a muted and hidden violence. The boy who had coughed shifted uneasily in his seat. One of the conscientious notetakers who had mechanically begun to write the moment Judith opened her mouth, raised her hand without looking up and said in a whining voice, "Would you repeat that please, Miss Roan?"

(continued on page 6)

As if the girl's words had never reached her ears, Judith continued, "You see, Keats said that 'Beauty is truth, truth beauty.' But he wasn't telling the truth."

By this time the students had recovered themselves and decided that this was just another of Miss Roan's peculiar statements to attract their attention. However, their composure was short-lived.

"He forgot about the bitter isolation and destruction of beauty. Like that maple tree," Judith said as she stared again out the window. "It's really ugly and lost, it cries out to us that truth and beauty are horrid, miserable, pathetic. They cannot survive here."

A few of the boys began settling themselves for a nap, concluding that this was another of her vague lectures which no one understood. The majority of the class, though, squirmed about uneasily in their seats. An air of disturbed apprehension pervaded the room. Finally one of the more audacious boys said.

"I don't understand what you're talking about.

"Of course you don't," replied Judith, smiling oddly at him. "You are all young ones whose dreams aspire to great heights, then fizzle and

dissolve into nothingness. You have already given up your dreams for small comforts and even smaller ambitions. So you couldn't really know how tragic the tree is."

The uneasiness in the class increased. The students began whispering among themselves.

"But I know about it only too well," sighed Judith as she continued. "That poor bleeding and dying tree could have been beautiful but it's not. It's ugly, and they made it that way. There is your truth, however unpleasant it may be."

The students sat silently in their seats glancing blankly at one another. Without taking her eyes from the window Judith spoke softly. "That will be all for today."

The class hurried awkwardly out of the room and into the hall. Left alone in the room Judith, with hushed tears falling from her eyes, looked at the sun-drenched maple tree. She noticed that a few of its leaves were beginning to fall silently to the ground, like the tears that streamed from her burning eyes.

"It's no use," she whispered. "They just won't listen."

Katherine Yancey



Life is Just a Bowl of Cherries . . . Sometimes

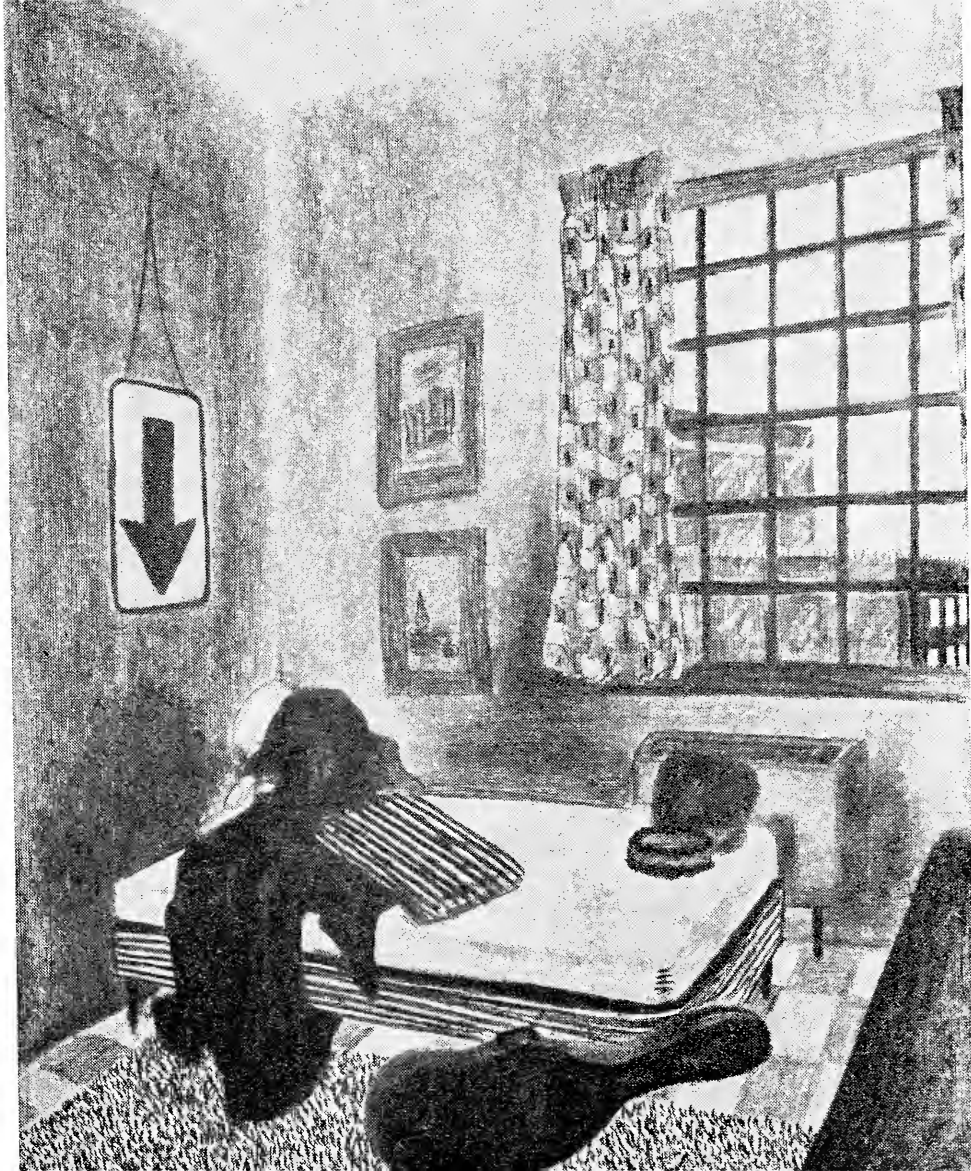
The chosen title is just one of the many opinions expressed by Sister Mary Corita, a sister of the Immaculate Heart and head of the art department at Immaculate Heart College in Los Angeles, in her unique op-art. Not only is she the head of this particular art department, but she also has become an international figure in art. During the 1965-66 academic year, she presented approximately 150 one-man showings at various galleries and universities. She also has been the recipient of over 50 awards in her various showings. In the year 1966, Sister Corita was named as one of the **Los Angeles Times'** Women of the Year for her outstanding work in the fields of art and human relationships. Longwood is indeed fortunate to have been able to have a showing of some of Sister Corita's work recently. Seeing these works of art was certainly a stimulating and thought-provoking experience.

In keeping with her use of op-art, Sister Corita also uses a rather uncommon medium for her art—the silk screen printing process. The colors and blending of them which she uses is simply fantastic. Shades of green, yellow, fuschia, blue, orange, pink, red, purple and all the other colors of the rainbow are mixed and mingled in a most

delightful conglomeration. In addition to using these happy, care-free colors, Sister Corita has chosen various often ignored and off-beat subjects for her art. For instance—a bread wrapper . . . Esso . . . put a tiger in your tank . . . somebody up there likes us . . . life is just bowl of cherries—sometimes . . . love is here to stay and that's enough—these are only a few of the multifarious texts and pictures in her serigraphs. When these are combined with the brilliant colors and deep perspective Sister Corita uses, a new art emerges. It is an art full of life because it is life.

Subtly interwoven into her art are little messages or "sermons." These are given in such a manner that the viewer is unaware that he is being preached to; he is instinctively drawn to these paintings because they appeal to his practicality and yet inspire him at the same time. One cannot help but like and be fascinated by the imaginative and refreshing art of Sister Corita. Seeing her works is an experience everyone should have and is one the viewer can **never** forget. Life may just be a bowl of cherries sometimes, but—as Sister Corita says—do not forget that "love is here to stay and that's enough."

Linda Gayle Oliff



MARU MARI

Maru Mari under the African sky
Follows the Zhanowhi's trail,
And blooms of strange seeds
Dance o'er tall weeds
While a hot breath whispers by.
Maru Mari tonight will die
Lost in grasses tall;
But now there is peace
Though the drums never cease
And a hot breath whispers by.
A single cloud, a paper thin shroud,
Gauzes the moon hung high,
While a vined screen
Hides flecks of green
And a hot breath whispers by.
Now a fiery shield o'er the stretching field
The African sun dips nigh,
Making grasses parch black
And bloom petals crack
And the blood on the trail to dry.
Later 'twill sink in jungle pink
Coloring the western sky,
Leaving weeds and blooms
With the bamboo that looms
To pray for the soul of Mari.

Linda Long

A Familiarity

A record repeating its BEAT,
POUNDing in the memory of
a Time . . .
Sunshine in the rain
with a rainbow glaring bravely
through a glass—worldly,
Asking what you were to gain.
A promise to always keep
the warm blanket of childhood
until you knew you could
Stand in the very **deep**.
Remind Yourself that life
is a game with Odd rules which
you may continue to switch
unTil you meet THE strife.
The record POUNDs its BEAT
to a tune you tried to write—
/ the string of your childhood kite
Broke.

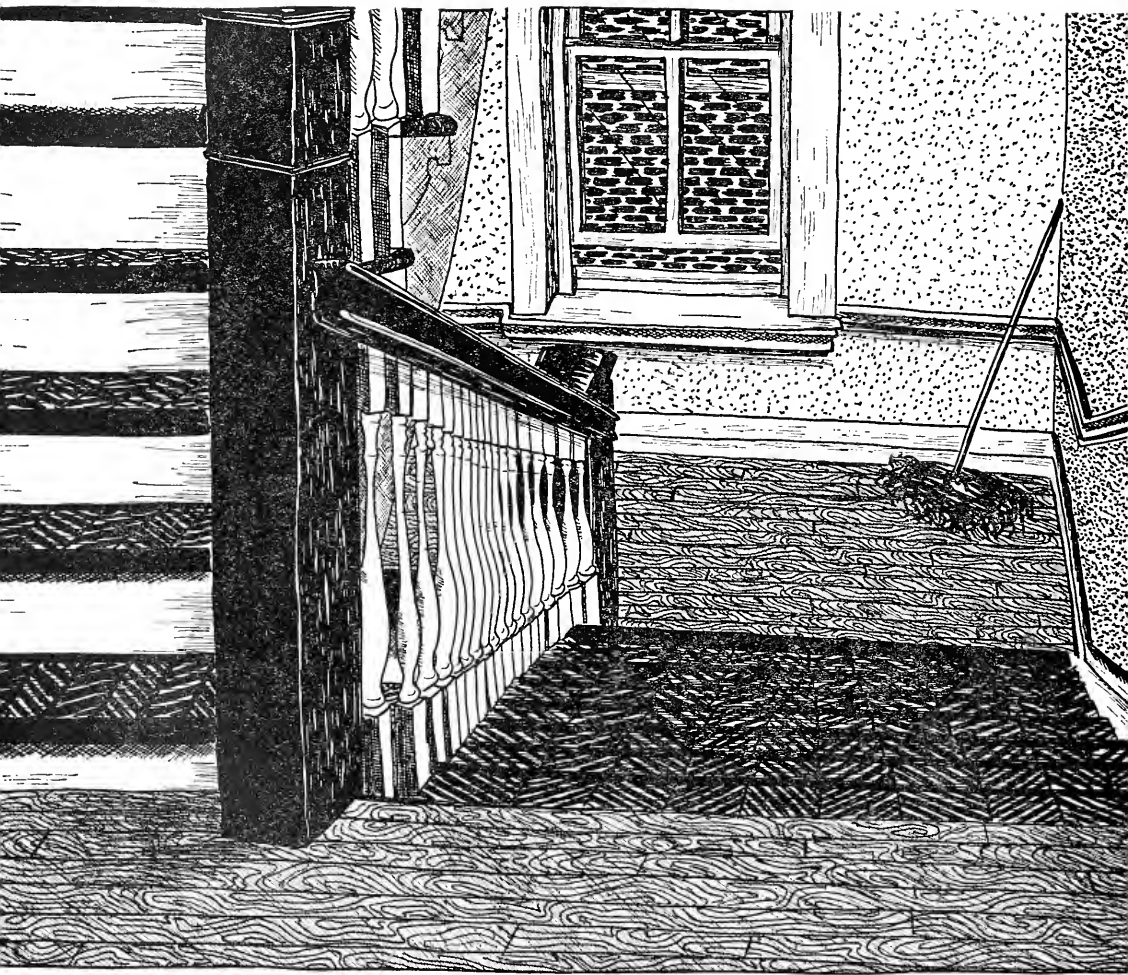
Gone memorous B E A T

Donna Barnes

One Security

noThing seems left to say
the sky gets gray—
but always
there is an alWays out
A laugh, a whim . . .

Donna Barnes



REVIEW

Too Far to Walk. By John Hersey. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1966.

Too Far to Walk is a book that reminds one of **Catcher in the Rye** and **Dr. Faustus**. It is John Hersey expressing a search for identity in a chaotic world.

John Fist is typical of many college students hitting what is commonly referred to as "sophomore slump." The awe-inspiring newness of college life has been replaced by disillusionment and criticism. As he begins to look at Sheldon, its faculty and students, and himself with a critical eye, he is faced with the question of whether the struggle for acceptance was worthwhile. Now that he has arrived, where does he go? Disillusioned with Sheldon, himself, and life in general, he falls victim to the promises of a fellow-student.

Jim Breed seems to be a standard fixture on just about any college campus. He goes along with the institution food, dingy dorm rooms, and faulty plumbing. He is attractive, calculating,

mysterious, and sinister. Jim Breed is John Fist's Mephistopheles. Fist accepts his offer of a chance to find himself and experience life, all for the price of his soul for a certain length of time.

John Fist feels completely removed and uninvolved with life. Through Breed he hopes to find himself, but like Faust, he discovers that the experiences Breed gives him are artificial. After a session with LSD Fist realizes that in order to find the answers he is looking for, he will have to rely on himself, not outside forces. Running from school and his family will not help him any more than Breed and his promises.

John Hersey offers no concrete solution to John Fist's problem. Fist knows what will not work—free living, sexual pleasure, drugs. Since he cannot run away from his problem, nor rush from one experience to another in search of a solution, John Fist has to decide if the answer he is seeking will be worth the effort. Just how far is "too far to walk?"

Judy Leach

ALONE AMONG MANY

The lights of the airport runway lit up the sky. As Ellen looked at them, she remembered the time she had thought they had been beautiful. Now they formed a pathway into the unknown darkness.

"It's pretty late for you to be traveling alone," the hostess told her as she boarded the jet.

"I only hope it's not too late," was all the hostess received for a reply.

Ellen was still wondering why she was making this trip to the Midwest. She feared to add greater hurt to that she had just known; but she knew that no matter how much fear and doubt held her back, she must go on. Her future depended on the outcome of this trip.

Ellen felt the crumpled letter in her hand as she fastened her seat belt. The sight of it brought back the tremendous pain she had experienced since its arrival. It was the culmination of the utter loneliness and fear she had experienced during the year Tom had been at school. She remembered every word as if she were reading it for the first time:

Dear Ellen,

I am writing this letter to you with a sick and lonely heart. I am not doing well at school and instead of going back next semester, I will join the Marines as I had planned to do last year. Maybe there I can find a place for myself in this world. I have failed you, the one who has shown me what joy and peace I should be getting out of life, and who has believed in

me no matter what has happened. I have failed all of the others who have believed in me. I cannot go a failure, and I can see nothing other than darkness and failure for my life. I will not be home again. Ellen, please do not forget me and remember that I will always love you.

Tom

It still brought tears to her eyes. She had waited faithfully so long for her dreams to come true. She would never forget. He was her life.

The plane finally stopped climbing; and as Ellen looked down, she saw nothing but tiny house lights searching the darkness. She had often been awed by her thought that in each house a family was facing its own lonely problems, quite unaware that there were millions of others feeling the same way. No matter where she looked, everyone was quite alone. She often wondered where people could really have a heart-felt bond between them and if there was a time when a person was not alone.

A sudden jerk in the plane brought Ellen's mind back to her own trouble. She had been dating Tom for several years. They had always accepted the fact of their marriage after college. Now the fear that had kept her awake so many nights had proved itself. Something had come between them. It had left her alone, and she feared being alone more than anything else. She had experienced the ultimate of love and joy in the security of her relationship with Tom, but it was quickly being

destroyed by something she could neither combat nor comprehend. She had noticed the change in Tom at Christmas. At first all seemed the same, but he had left her with a definite doubt of their future. Now she knew that he too had been afraid. He feared failing her. The thought that he could not give her the best life had to offer made him decide to give up the one thing that would be able to fulfill his dreams. He did not realize that to Ellen, he was the best life had to offer. With him, she forgot her loneliness.

Now, as Ellen began to lose herself in sleep, she remembered the wonderful times they had shared together. She did not want to give up those memories, nor did she intend to give up her dreams for the future. She fell asleep in her thoughts.

The next thing Ellen remembered was the stewardess, reminding her to fasten her seat belt. It was nearly dawn. The cornfields were mistily changing from dark shadows to soft, golden green ponds of dew. It was a land made for dreams, but there were no dreams now.

"It's going to be a beautiful day."

The stewardess was right. The sun was rising in golden glory to fill the loneliness in her heart. Yes, it was going to be beautiful.

An hour later she was in the dorm office, facing a small, understanding woman. Mrs. Wilson had seen many girls come to the dorm to save a lost love. She soon saw that Ellen was not like the

others. Her eyes mirrored her heart. Mrs. Wilson could see not only all of the fear and doubt but also all of the compassion, love, and strange kind of determination that Ellen held within her. She saw also the tears which had finally broken that barrier of determination. It did not take long for her to find their cause, nor did it take her long to fade into the inner office when she heard Tom's step on the stair.

Tom opened the door in the same way that he had opened it the few times he had brought Ellen home late. In a second, the puzzled look on his face changed to shocked recognition, and then to aching joy. A moment later, Ellen was in his arms, and each was holding on to life. In a land of dreams and love, Ellen knew that they would never part again.

"Never part again," ended the final prayer for Captain Thomas Davis. Ellen raised her tear-laden eyes beneath the heavy veil. It had been just ten years since they had come home from the school together. Now they never would part again. It was too late this time. Ellen searched the faces of the children standing beside her. They would share her life until they made their own, but they could never fill the void left by Tom. They could not make her forget her loneliness. Her life was gone, and she was left alone to kneel in the oncoming darkness at the foot of the small white cross which did not stand alone.

Linda Speed

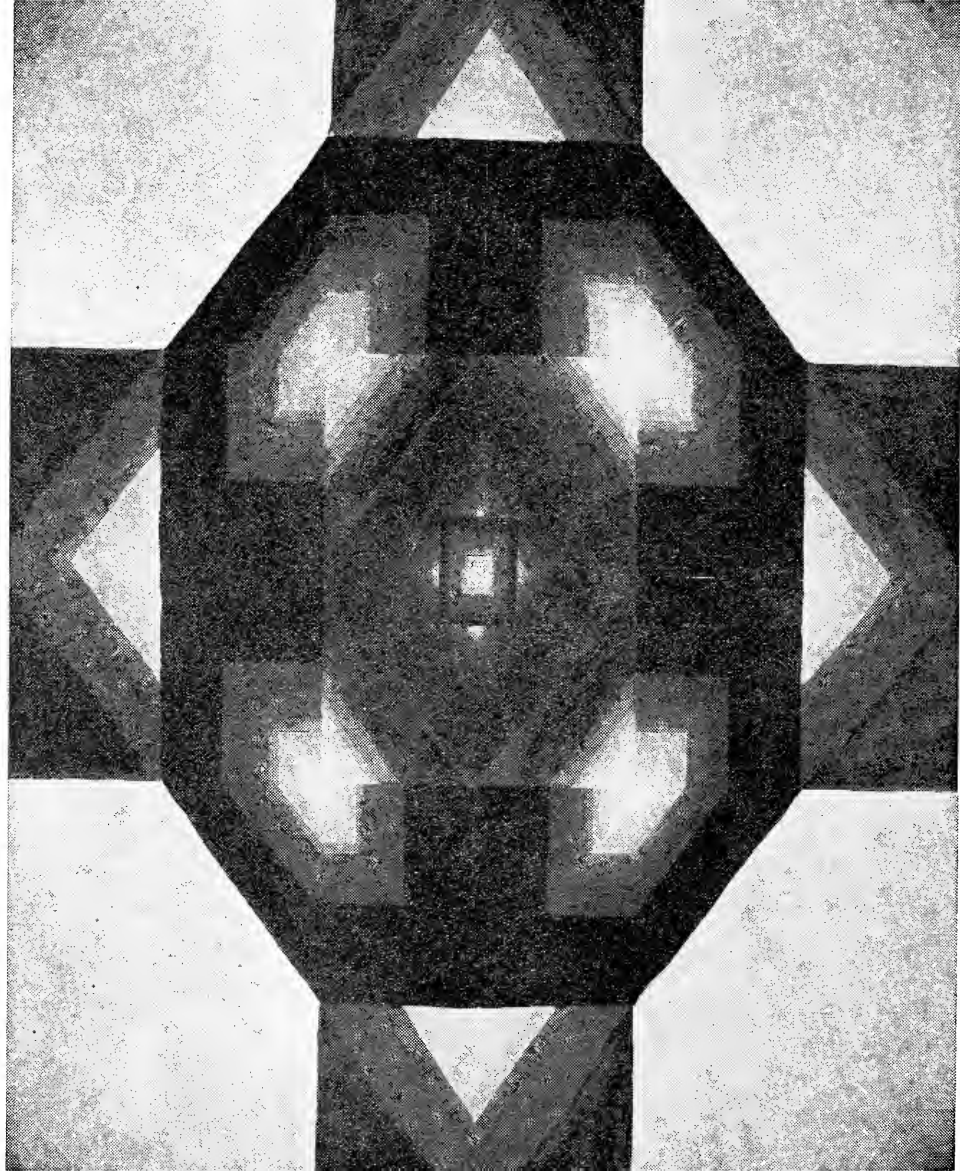


faith
is believing that the world is
refreshed by one
dewdrop
and
illuminated by a single
firefly

Emily Gillespie

Life is a merry-go-round,
each an animal—
Going up and down,
chasing in circles;
Stopping only to trade
partners.

Janet Sturgill



See the window
Stained glass, you know.
Pretty.
Beautiful.
It is difficult
for the Sun
the Light
to come in.
The more bright windows
the less Light.
No Light.
No God.
Pity.
Donna Barnes

I walked out onto the beach alone—quite alone. I wanted it that way. I was in very good spirits—one of those rare times I felt satisfied enough with the way things were going not to seek any new diversion or excitement. I made my way carefully to the water's edge, kicking the sand over my bare feet as I went. It was a beautiful, clear evening and by facing toward the ocean I could remove from my view the motels which lined the beach and would have destroyed the purity of the night. I moved on slowly, making my way toward the pier, and enjoying the tide washing over my legs and feet at regular intervals. As I passed the rear of the Beach Club I heard the blasting of a combo and loud voices. I frequently went there, but tonight it held no appeal for me. However, I did enjoy listening to the sounds that were emitted from the Club. I pictured the noisy crowd inside and it heightened my appreciation of solitude.

When I had reached the pier I searched inside my pocket for the quarter that was charged for admission and passed it to the man at the gate. The bright lights which lined the pier spoiled the perfection of the scene. The lights had frequently irritated me when I'd come to the pier with a date, but that night I found them especially annoying. I didn't want anything to spoil my mood and I headed toward the end of the pier where the lights weren't so bright. The scene which was before me filled me with mysterious, wonderful sensations. I tried to think thoughts that were grand enough for the occasion but soon found myself laughing at my attempts to be profound. After that I didn't try to think, but let the ocean fill me with tumultuous feeling that deny explanation. I stayed like this for several minutes. Gradually, however, I could feel my mood slipping away and though I had enjoyed the outing very much, I knew that soon I would head for the Beach Club. This caused me to contemplate man's basically gregarious nature . . . I laughed again. Taking one last look at the ocean, I turned and made my way toward the exit.

Martha Via



REVIEW

I Never Promised You a Rose Garden. By Hannah Green. New York: Holt, Rinehart and Winston, 1964.

I Never Promised You a Rose Garden is a trip through the frightening and fascinating world of insanity. Hannah Green presents the story of a young girl's fight to overcome mental illness that takes the reader beyond the locked doors and barred windows of a mental institution, into a world of despair, hate, darkness, and death.

As a child Deborah Blau had created a world of fantasy to be used as a retreat when school or home became more than she could handle. Yr is the secret world any child can build in his imagination—a world of fantastic shapes, brilliant colors, and a strange, private language. However, Yr changes from an idle daydream into demanding nightmare as Deborah grows older. The characters she had created grew strong enough to control their creator, and Deborah discovers she can no longer retreat and return at her convenience. She becomes a prisoner of her own mind, and her attempts to escape Yr take her to the edges of death.

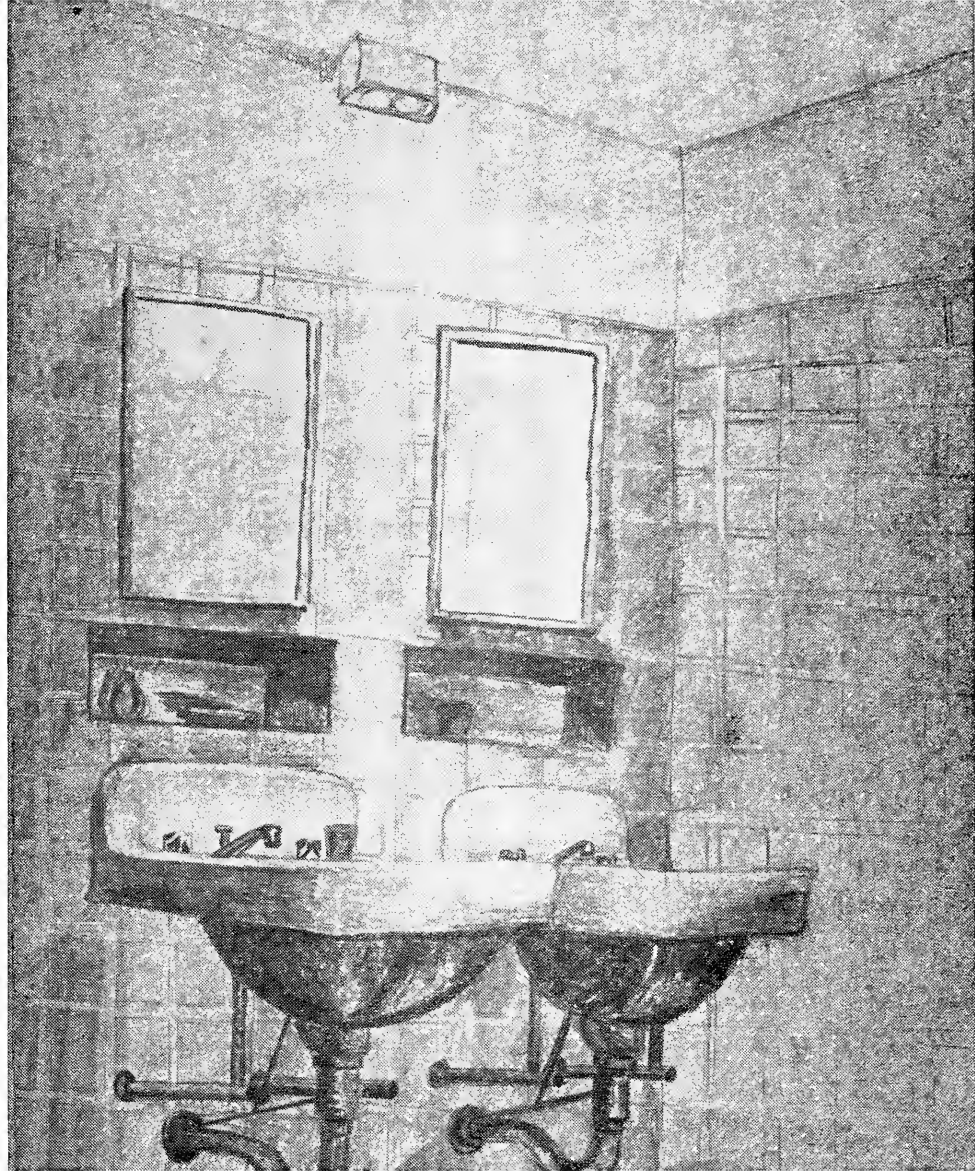
I Never Promised You a Rose Garden is more than the story of a fight for mental health. Unable to control Yr, Deborah is forced to succumb to its demands for self-sacrifice and death. To Deborah, Yr is the real world in her life. In Yr there is hope, despair, happiness, and pain. The forms in Yr are distinct, the sounds are clear, and the

colors are vivid. In her mind, is a world more real than the world of reality ever was. Deborah has to understand her need for Yr in order to overcome its demands, and she has to gain this understanding before the forces in Yr destroy her.

In **I Never Promised You a Rose Garden**, Hannah Green presents a realistic approach to mental illness. The reader sees glimpses of the home life that helped create Deborah's illness, life in a mental institution, the relationship of a patient and her psychiatrist, and the reaction of a family, and community, to mental illness. The picture is not especially pretty, but neither is the subject.

The book poses a rather unique situation for the reader. Deborah's struggle for sanity arouses sympathy, but the horror and nightmare quality involved in the struggle raise opposite feelings. It is difficult not to become involved because sometime in our lives each of us has created our own "Yr," and it is this thought that frightens us. However, as the reader gradually explores the causes, understanding develops. It is this understanding that Dr. Fried hopes Deborah will attain, enabling her to make the final choice between returning to Yr or facing life. Neither choice promises to be a rose garden for anyone.

Judy Leach



THE WAR DRAGS ON

In 1964 the average American citizen suddenly became aware of a war that this country has been involved in since the early fifties. That this awareness came after more than a decade is due to a new dimension that the war acquired in that year. No longer a local territorial dispute, the war had become international in scope. It had become the front for what was in reality a war between Communism and the Free World. As the United States stepped up its participation in the war, Americans could no longer remain immune to its effects. They wanted to. They overwhelmingly voted down a Presidential candidate who advocated all-out war. But by the end of the year, it was evident that all measures to avoid the development of full-scale warfare would be futile. Thus in 1964 a war in Viet Nam became a reality to Americans. A war that had already been raging ten years finally "began."

With this change in the state of the war have come changes in American life. Citizens have been shocked into extending their interest in world affairs past the international social columns. News magazines are read. Maps are studied. News broadcasts are listened to. The topic of sex

has been replaced on campuses by talk of Saigon. Accompanying the American's search for factual information is an equally intensive search for meaning. Political moves are questioned. Protest songs flourish. Draft cards burn. Americans have found themselves caught up in a war for which they can find no alternative, but for which they can find no justification.

Everywhere the atmosphere of a nation at war prevails. Young men contemplate the uncertainty of their futures. Families of soldiers shrink from opening official looking mail. A wave of phone calls making false reports of death indicates the war has provided a new diversion for sick minds. Magazines capitalize on the sensationalistic aspect of the war, filling page after page with garish photographs of human suffering. A feeling of frustration permeates the minds of Americans. This frustration is a unique characteristic of 20th century-type warfare where there is little to gain and everything to lose, where there will be no **real** victory, where there will be no **real** peace. In the midst of this confusion, Americans adapt themselves to a war they can neither condemn nor condone. The despondency created by the war is evidenced as Donovan, a popular folk singer, wails in a flat, nasal voice, "The war drags on. . . . The war drags on. . . . The war drags on."

Martha Via



Sleep

Sleep, you sweet barbituate,
Much more you cousin kin
To that eternal slumber
Which all men pay for sin.
Come engulf this seared mind
Blind in day's cruel light,
And usher in that velvet black
Your cloak that wraps the night.
Your cloak of downy velvet
Ah, embrace me
Lace me in the folds
And let me drowse serenely there
A slumber world of souls.

Linda Long



PATRONS

Farmville Manufacturing Company, Farmville
Shopping Center
Chappell's, 212 N. Main Street
Longwood Jeweler, 216 N. Main Street
Grants, Farmville Shopping Center
Princess Beauty Salon, 105 N. Main Street
Burger's Market, 144 N. Main Street
Weyanoke Book Store, 202 High Street
Leese's Pastry Shop, 119 N. Main Street
First National Bank, 200 N. Main Street
Gray's Drug Store, 219 N. Main Street
Carter's Flower Shop, One block from hospital
Lanscott's, 408 High Street
Cedarbrook Restaurant, Rice Road
James Madison Inn, Prospect Road
Tastee-Freez, Prospect Road
WFLO Radio Studios, Cumberland Road
Farmville Herald, 114 North Street
The College Shop, 114 N. Main Street
Newman's, 111 N. Main Street
Owen-Sanford, Farmville Shopping Center
Leggett's Department Store, Main Street
Crute's Drug Store, Main Street
Collins Florist, 119 N. Main Street
Martin the Jeweler, 123 N. Main Street
Hollywood Beauty Salon, 102 N. Main Street
Mr. Walter Eyster, Faculty Longwood College
Miss Bland, Faculty Longwood College

Hey Sunshine

I haven't seen you in a Long time.

Why don't you show your face

And bend my mind?

Simon & Garfunkel

